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From the Massachusetts Quarterly Review.

### The Mexican War.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

(Continued.)

It is true that on the 4th of April, 1846, General Paredes did order the commander on the Texan frontier to attack the enemy "by every means which war permits," and on the 18th of April, to the same person, adds, "I suppose you either fighting already, or preparing for the operations of a campaign." "It is indispensable that hostilities be commenced, yourself taking the initiative." But where was the enemy to be attacked? was he to take the initiative by making an invasion or repelling one?

To answer this question, we are to show what was the western boundary of Texas.—Was it the Rio Grande, the Nueces, or some line between them, or elsewhere? Mr. Polk claims to the Rio Grande. These are the arguments which he adduces.

1. Texas as ceded to France in 1803, has been always claimed as extending west to the Rio Grande; and accordingly the United States asserted and maintained their territorial rights to this extent till 1819, when it was ceded to Spain. It is on the strength of this claim that annexation is a re-annexation.

2. The republic of Texas always claimed this river—from the mouth to the source—as her western boundary, and it was recognized as such by Santa Anna himself, in 1836.

3. For more than nine years Texas exercised many acts of sovereignty and jurisdiction over the territory and inhabitants west of the Nueces."

4. Congress understood that the Rio Grande, from source to mouth, was the boundary of Texas in 1819, when the act of annexation was passed. "This was the Texas which was admitted as one of the States of our Union."

All this is specious—at least to one who knows nothing of the facts; very plausible to one who is more a subject of Authority than a subject of Reason. But certainly Mexico had never admitted the Rio Grande, from source to mouth, as her boundary on this side. We think there is no controversy about the limits of Texas, except as it borders on the Mexican territory. Yet uncertainty of limits is recognized by America in the very act of annexation. The "joint resolutions" say:

"1. Congress doth consent that the territory properly included within and rightfully belonging to the Republic of Texas, may be erected into a new State." And "2. Said State to be formed subject to the adjustment of the government of all questions of boundary that may arise with other governments." Here the limits are admitted to be doubtful, and are to be adjusted by the government.

Suppose this were all, that the boundary was simply doubtful—what was the just and proper course to pursue? to send an army to the extreme and doubtful limit of the territory which we claimed? If so, then Mexico—who thought at least her claim equally good—had the same right. What if that cause had been pursued with England in settling the question of the "Northeastern boundary," or the boundary of the Oregon territory; what if England had acted by the same rule, and the two nations, without a single attempt to settle the matter by negotiation, had sent an "army of occupation" to take military possession, each power up to the extent of its own claim? Why would it have been—like what we have seen in Texas?

But why did not the American government resort to negotiation? Because the Mexican government would not receive a special commissioner appointed for that work? Not at all: she rejected Mr. Slidell because he was not such a special commissioner.

"The sword," says somebody, "ends all popular evils, but cures none." It certainly begins a great many. The reason why the American government sent the sword before the negotiator will appear in due time.

It is by no means clear that the Americans had a good and clear title to the Rio Grande, from end to end. A claim is one thing, a clear title is a little different. Did the American government claim the Rio Grande as the boundary of Louisiana, as ceded by France in 1803? So we claimed Western Florida as a part of the same Louisiana. Mr. Jefferson, in 1805, said its limits were "the Perdido on the east, and the Bravo (the Rio Grande) on the west." It turned out to be a mistake. The claim was purely diplomatic, the claim of much in order to get all that could be had. Such are the morals of peddlers in politics as of pedlers in other wares. America had a claim to the whole of Oregon, from San Francisco to the Russian settlements. Mr. Polk himself claimed up to 54° 40', and with the settled conviction that the British pretensions of title could not be maintained in any portion of the Oregon territory. He asserted "our title to the whole Oregon territory," and thought it was "maintained by irrefragable facts and arguments." The legislature of one of the New England States, we are told, went further, and declared our right up to 54° 49'. But somehow, in the thaw of a negotiation, the claim gradually melted away, and reached no further than the 49th parallel of latitude.

It would be easy to show, whatsoever was the true western boundary of Texas, that it was not the Rio Grande. However, we do not intend at present entering upon that discussion. The reader will find much valuable information in the speech of Mr. Senator Benton, and in the two able and learned speeches of Mr. Severance, of Maine, delivered one in the House of Representatives at Washington, Feb. 4th, 1847, and the other in the Legislature of Maine, July 27th, 1847. We shall for the present confine ourselves to the correspondence between Mr. A. J. Donelson and Mr. Buchanan, only premising that Mr. Donelson was sent by the American govern-

# ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVERHOLDERS."

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SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1818.

WHOLE NO. 127.

ment in March, 1845, to Texas, to complete the work of annexation.\* We shall show from this correspondence—

1. That it was well known that Texas had no just claim to the Rio Grande as her western boundary.

2. That war was expected as the consequence of the annexation of Texas.

3. That there was a concerted scheme to throw the blame of the war upon Mexico, by provoking her to commence hostilities.

1. IT WAS WELL KNOWN THAT TEXAS HAD NO JUST CLAIM TO THE RIO GRANDE.

Mr. Jones, President of the Republic of Texas, issued a proclamation on the 4th of June, 1845, at the end of which he says, "I do hereby declare and proclaim a cessation of hostilities by land and sea against the Republic of Mexico."—p. 63. But the Mexican forces were still east of the Rio Grande, though west of the Nueces. The Charge saw the effect which this proclamation, issued under the circumstances, would have upon the claim to the Rio Grande—this will appear in the sequel.

June 22d, 1845, he writes to Mr. Buchanan, "It is the policy of those who are on the side of Mexico, to throw upon the United States the responsibility of a war for the country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. That territory, you are aware, has been in the possession of both parties. Texas has held in peace Corpus Christi; Mexico has held Santiago. Both parties have had occasional possession of Laredo, and other higher points."—p. 74.

June 23d, he writes to Commodore Stockton in relation to the prospects of a war, and adds, "It is to be hoped, however, that Mexico will yet prefer to settle by treaty the points in dispute," that is, the question of limits.—p. 75.

Again, July 2d, he writes to Mr. Buchanan, "My position is, that we can hold [because we have a good title.] Corpus Christi and all other points up the Nueces. If attacked, [while in territory which the Mexicans acknowledge as part of Texas.] the right of the dispute, that is, the question of limits."

"Leaving out of view the difficulty of conducting such an enterprise against the consent of the [Texan] Executive, the influence on the Mexican population [the entire population] bordering the Rio Grande, would have been unfavorable to the United States. These people, long harassed by the military executions of their own government, [the Mexican government, though Mr. Polk insists that Texas for more than nine years has exercised sovereignty here.] seek for nothing so ardently as escape from violence. They have been often visited by the Texans, who in the revenge of their slaughtered comrades, and in the relentless conduct of Santa Anna, have not been disposed to mitigate the blows of retaliation."

On the other hand, "Texas, by remaining passive, is gradually strengthening her authority to introduce, by peaceful means, her authority as far up the Rio Grande as she may please."—p. 59.

Mr. Donelson then states the grounds on which the claim to the Rio Grande would be defensible.

1. "The revolutionary right of the people of Texas to resist oppression and enforce necessary."

2. The acknowledgment of Santa Anna in 1836, by which Texas was prevented from following up the advantages of victory, among which was the opportunity of establishing herself on the Rio Grande."

3. "The capacity of Texas, if not now, at least in a short time, to establish by force her claim to this boundary. This capacity is fairly inferrible from the offer of Mexico to recognize her independence, and is self-evident to all who have any knowledge of the relative power and position of Mexico and Texas."

4. "The United States, in addition to the foregoing grounds, will have the older one, founded on the Louisiana claim."

5. "But, all these considerations are but subsidiary to the necessity which exists for the establishment of the Rio Grande as the boundary between the two nations." "Texas has pleasure taken possession of her [the Mexican] posts there, and has only suspended jurisdiction because it was inconvenient to maintain it. On such grounds it cannot be doubted that Mexico already considers the whole of the territory between the Rio Grande and the Nueces as lost to her."

July 11th, he thus writes to Mr. Buchanan:

"You will have observed in my correspondence with this government [of Texas] there has been no discussion of the question of limits between Mexico and Texas. The joint resolutions of our Congress left the question an open one, and the preliminary proposition made by this [the Texan] government [namely, the third article quoted on the last page,] left the question in the same state, and although this [the Texan] government has since indicated a point on the Rio Grande for the [future] occupation of our troops, I did not consider this circumstance as varying the question, since the President, but a few weeks before, issued a proclamation suspending hostilities between Texas and Mexico, the practical effect of which was to leave the question precisely as it stood when our joint resolutions passed—Mexico in possession of one portion of the territory, [between the Nueces and the Rio Grande] and Texas of another.

If the President of Texas, instead of giving that course had been pursued with England in settling the question of the "Northeastern boundary," or the boundary of the Oregon territory; what if England had acted by the same rule, and the two nations, without a single attempt to settle the matter by negotiation, had sent an "army of occupation" to take military possession, each power up to the extent of its own claim? Why would it have been—like what we have seen in Texas?

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From the North Star,  
The National Bazaar.

It was our happiness last week to attend this splendid exhibition of anti-slavery industry, taste, skill, elegance, and beauty, held in Faneuil Hall, Boston. From representations which we had heard, and descriptions which we had read, our expectations were very high; but high as they were, they were more than gratified. On entering the vast and venerable hall, the manner and grandeur of some old, but beautiful Gothic cathedrals through which we had the pleasure to pass. For the special decoration of the hall it would seem that almost a young forest of evergreens had been stripped of its foliage. Bows, arches, wreaths, and beautiful chains of ivy, were displayed in all directions; the long range of pillars supporting the capacious galleries on either side, the upper range around the gallery, reaching the ceiling, were all elegantly trimmed with evergreen; and between the pillars in the gallery, rising from the breastwork around it, were finely modelled forms of arches and windows of the old Gothic order, all of which were beautifully dressed in living green. Across the hall, in various directions from side to side, were chains of evergreen, meeting and crossing immediately under a large and luminous gas light chandelier, which, when lighted, grandly reflected the chain which always lends a luster to works of art. In the centre of the hall was a large table forming a circle, piled with rich and beautiful articles, too numerous to mention. This, too, was all surrounded and decorated with evergreen, in every graceful shape and form which genius, skill, and fancy could invent. On either side, and all around the table, were tables connected from one end of the hall to the other, and only divided from each other by minstrelsy forms of living green rising between them. Some of the most youthful of the ladies wore wreaths of evergreen; about their heads, as determined to be in unity with the natural and artificial beauty surrounding them.

It would be pleasant to be in such a place at any time, but to be there in the glorious cause of righteous liberty, surrounded by the old and tried friends of the cause; meeting and conversing with many of them for the first time since our return from England; witnessing the ardor of their zeal, and gathering light and life from their lofty commendations, made it a delightful occasion to us, and one which we wish every friend of the slave could share.

England, Ireland, Scotland, and represented. The various useful, rich, elegant and beautiful works from those countries deepened, in our mind, the earnest sincerity and devotion to our cause, which often filled our heart with grateful admiration during our sojourn in those lands. Noble was the devotion and great the industry that sent those beautiful works to our shores, and laid them on the pants after Christian Philanthropy. Every article was a silent but powerful pleader in behalf of the American slave, and a telling rebuke of the guilty slaveholder of the South, and his much more guilty allies of the North.

The women of monarchial England pleading with their sisters in republican America, to quit the infernal practice of trading in the bodies and souls of men, and making merchandise of the bodies of their sable sisters; and this, too, in old Faneuil Hall, the "Cathedral of Liberty," the birth-place of American independence—where was nursed the young spirit of the revolution, and where now hang the pictures of Washington, Adams, Hancock, Warren, and others, who seventy years ago fought a British king in defense of American liberty! Scotland, too, joins the appeal with the names of her forty thousand daughters. What a rebuke is here!

It looked upon the labor of the dear friends at home as well as abroad, we felt ashamed of their superior devotion. We never feel more ashamed of our humble efforts in the cause of emancipation, than when we contrast them with the silent, unobserved, and unapplauded efforts of those through whose constant and persevering endeavors this annual exhibition is given to the American public.

Anti-slavery authors and orators may be said to receive compensation for what they do, in the applause which must, sooner or later, redound to them; but not so with the thousands whose works of use and beauty adorn this fair. It is for them to work, unnoticed and unknown, and sometimes unacknowledged for, and many of them unable to see the good that results from their efforts. Even

denied no similar motive can enter into such actions; and yet—noble souls they—they have a great and glorious reward.

The consciousness of having done something toward releasing from cruel bondage, even one sister, and the gratitude of that sister going up in glory to God for deliverance from thralldom, is a happiness to the pure mind, which far transcends that derived from the praise of men, as heaven transcends earth, and eternity, time.

Let proud pro-slavery congregations get up fair to build and beautify their churches; let their labor to cushion their pews, carpet their floors, and ornament their pulpits; they may indeed reap the reward that results from the exercise of skill and industry, but the thought must come, after all, We have worshipped ourselves, rather than God; we have been looking to our own ease and comfort, rather than relieving those who are unable to help themselves. Such persons know nothing of the holy satisfaction consequent upon unselfish labor and effort in behalf of the hated and enslaved of our land. This is emphatically the greatest religious merit of the day—one in which the laborer is taught to look only on the source of all good for reward. The history of the Boston Fair is interesting, instructive and encouraging.

It shows what may be accomplished by unwavering fidelity, unfaltering industry, and patient devotion to a good cause. The first (of which this is the fourteenth fair,) was held, we believe, in a small room, No. 46, Washington street. At that time few ventured to attend it, and fewer to assist it.

(To be Continued.)

REAL WANTS.—Man was created to be a living soul, and not to be an automaton; and the real want of his heart is sympathy, affection, love, and not the philosopher's stone. It would not be more unreasonable to transplant a flower out of black earth into gold dust, than it is for a person to let money-giving harden his heart into contempt, or into impatience of the little attentions, the movements and the cares of domestic life.

[Mortg. 2]

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going to Mexico and the World, that we are in the wrong. On the contrary, we apprehend that eminent Whig statesmen destroy their ability for usefulness by taking the only issue which can entrench the Administration. A Whig may involve the country in an unwise or even an unjust war; but being in, the People will stand by their Country. And the more fiery the ordeal, and the harder we are crowded, the more undaunted will the fighting and the voting masses adhere to the Country, and to the Administration, as its embodiment. In other, and more emphatic words, the people will, in times of war, go with the Country, right or wrong.

Polk, Buchanan, Cass, etc. etc., with a detestation as cordial as language can express. But we are most unwilling to give them high vantage ground. We cannot consent to see such miserable, pusillanimous, pandering creatures sustained by the patronage of this great Republic. They are unworthy of, and can only obtain this advantage, when the Whig party has been thrown into a false position."

This is an honest confession that to save their party they will continue to send men and money to Mexico, to butcher those whom it acknowledges to be right in defending their homes. The war is wrong, but men must be sacrificed on the altar of Whiggery in order to get Whigs into power. Mexico is right, but we Whigs must stop saying so, and vote for men to be murdered, that our lust of power may be gratified. It is infamous, but the Websters, Chays and Sewards, will educate their sons for human butchery, and send them to do what Northern Whigs universally acknowledge to be an army invading a country without cause; in other words, a robbing, marauding bandit, in order that they may slay a Mexican, and cover themselves and the Whig party with the glory that is a murderer's reward. Such is the honesty of the Whigs, as a party, and if any dare to honest, and practice as he preaches, the leaders forthwith reprimand him for speaking and acting rightly. Policy must be consulted before honesty, and any sacrifice is too great that will elevate a long-festing party to office. These are the men who, for the sake of party, uphold and become the leaders of.

"The refuse of society, the dregs. Of all that is most vile: Their cold hearts blend. All that is mean and villainous with rags Which hopelessness of good, and self-contempt. Alone might kindle. They are decked with wealth, Honor, and power, and then are sent abroad To do their work. The pestilence that stalks.

In triumph through some Eastern land, Is less destroying."

January 1st, 1848. E. W. C.

ALABAMA.—The Mobile correspondent of the Sun says that resolutions have been introduced into the Legislature of that State, declaring that under no circumstances will that body recognize as binding, any set of the Federal Government, which has for its object the prohibition of Slavery in any territory, to be acquired either by conquest or treaty, south of the Missouri Compromise.—The following is also one of a series of resolutions:

Resolved. That this assembly regard the act of Pennsylvania, and other acts of like character, passed by non-slaveholding States, as palpable violations of the Constitution, and as dangerous in their consequences as the Wilmot Proviso; and that we should regard any compromise or settlement of the latter, without effectually putting down the former, and expunging them from the State Books, as a most unsafe and dangerous termination of the question for the slaveholding States.

result, and only one result, under the law, could follow; and that was, that no slave States could be added to the Union out of Mexican territory. 'Conquest,' says he, 'will not make slave States.' And to this a New York Senator—a free State representative, unwillingly and unhumanly responds—'truly!'

Comment on this conduct is unnecessary.—*Lou. Exca.*

#### Congress.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.  
The Speaker called the States for petitions. When he came to Ohio,

Mr. Giddings presented the petition of Joseph Seaford and eighteen others, citizens of this city, setting forth that the slave trade is carried on to a considerable extent in the District of Columbia, and praying that the laws of Congress may be examined. He did not ask this body to act on the petition now, but that it be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, to inquire into the constitutionality of the laws of this District on the subject. He wished to be understood as moving to refer the petition to the Committee on the Judiciary, to inquire into the constitutionality of the laws of Congress which are now in force, by which slaves are held.

The Speaker.—The gentleman from Ohio presents a petition on the subject stated, and asks that it be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, with instructions. Will the gentleman be good enough to reduce his position to writing?

Mr. Jones of Tennessee—I move to lay the petition on the table. ('Yes, these's where it ought to go.')

The Speaker.—The paper is not endorsed. (Read it, 'read it, 'read it!')

Mr. Giddings.—Well, I'll endorse it; that's soon done. (It was returned to him for that purpose.)

Mr. Gayle—I ask that the petition be endorsed before it is read.

The Speaker.—The gentleman has a right to insist on the order of the House.

Mr. J. R. Ingersoll—I would take the liberty to suggest that the petition described by the gentleman from Ohio seems to be abstract.

The Speaker.—Debate is not in order.

Mr. Ingersoll—I rise to a question of order. The petition related to an abstract question.

The Speaker.—The Chair is of opinion that a question of order cannot be raised on a subject of this kind. The House can decide the question now before it.

Mr. Clingman.—Has a motion been made to lay the resolution on the table?

The Speaker.—The gentleman from Tennessee has made such a motion, but it is not debatable.

Mr. Clingman—I was about to ask the gentleman from Tennessee to withdraw his motion, and let the Committee on the Judiciary act as they think proper on the petition. I will act against the instructions, of course.

Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi.—Is the petition withdrawn? We understand so over this way.

The Speaker.—It was withdrawn temporarily, that it might be endorsed. The gentleman from Ohio now presents the petition.

Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi.—I ask for the reading.

The Speaker.—The endorsement will first be read.

The Clerk read the endorsement, and then the petition.

Mr. King, of Georgia.—Mr. Speaker.

The Speaker.—It is moved to refer the petition to inquire into the constitutionality of—

Mr. Brodhead—I ask for a discussion of the question.

The Speaker.—The question is on the motion to lay on the table.

The yeas and nays were taken, and the result was—yeas 97, nays 97—a tie.

The Speaker.—The occupant of the chair has uniformly voted on the floor of the House for the respectful consideration of all petitions respectfully presented, and therefore on this occasion he votes in the negative. The result is—yeas 97, nays 98. The motion to lay on the table is rejected.

#### Slaveholding Outrage! Read it!

We learn from the Delaware County Republican that a freeman from Pennsylvania has just been subjected to imprisonment in iron for seventy-seven days, in the jail of Elizton, Maryland, for the crime of wearing a complexion which he received from his master. After this long and cruel incarceration, he was liberated; but however ill he had proved, what the Republican says, "every one in Elizton connected with the transaction, knew perfectly well, that he was a free man," and had paid a fine of twenty dollars and the costs of his prosecution and confinement. The Republican is justly indignant at the outrage upon the individual and insult to the State. The editor remarks of it.

"This case shows how utterly ignorant of all the principles of religion, morality, and even true government, slaveholders and their white slaves are."

A Pennsylvania freeman was arrested, charged with the crime of being a slave, and after being kept chained like a dog, until he succeeded in proving his innocence, he was compelled to pay the costs, and was then fined twenty dollars for not being guilty! Pennsylvania has taken a stand that shows her not quite so tame and submissive, as our would-be masters at the South would like her to be—but one step more is wanting. Let us pass a law to arrest every slave travelling in the custody of his master on our soil, and put the master to the trouble or expense of proving his ownership—and then fine him for not having a cause of action against him."

This is the sacredness of human rights, where slavery reigns. It is a practical exhibition of the value of our "Glorious Union." Who can doubt that it is the bulwark of the rights of people, after such an illustration of its power? Are the people of Pennsylvania so cowardly or inhuman, that they will permit such wrongs to be repeated upon their own citizens with no attempt at prevention or redress? Will they not demand of their law makers and executors to leave their quarrels about petty political questions, and look to the rights of their citizens and the honor of the State, which have so long been made foot balls for Maryland slaveholders? It is base mockery for the government to pretend to protect its citizens, while it silently suffers such deeds to be done. If we were all as vigilant to guard the rights of freemen as the slave traders and slaveholders are to protect

their unholy possessions, the tyrants would not dare molest the humblest of our people. Will Pennsylvania do her duty, or cringe at the word of her Southern masters? We shall see. The Republican gives us thanks especially to Geo. Eral, Esq. of Elkton, for his gratuitous services, to secure the freedom of the poor colored man.

COLORPHOBIA.—We have just learned of an alarming case of this malignant disease, the result of which we dare not attempt to predict. We will state the facts, and leave our readers to sympathize with the afflicted victims according to their ability. During the recent visit of the Hutchinson Family to Boston, they invited Frederick Douglass to dine with them at the "Congress House." Douglass being rather late, found his friends at the dinner table, and was of course heartily welcomed and invited to seat. It would have been a very slight incident in London or Liverpool; not so in Boston. Negro hatred magnified it into a high misdemeanor. A commotion ensued, and two "gentlemen" boarders forsook the table and their dinners, giving great force to their "testimony" by that act of self-denial. They should have a place in the calendar of American saints, very near those martyr spirits of the Evangelical Alliance, who sacrificed their dinner for the cause of slavery. The rest of the company seeing that "the tribe of Jesus" and their guests were not alarmed by this demonstration of American feeling, seemed not at all disposed to imitate the self denial of the two worthies who had so hastily fled. Perhaps they were disposed to be a little tolerant to the man who had enjoyed the hospitality of the scholars and gentlemen and noblemen of Great Britain. Even a colored man could be endured, after being welcomed to the homes of wealth, and talent, and aristocracy there; either for this reason, or that it was up to their prejudice, or—as we hope was the case—because they loathed the meanness of that vulgar prejudice, they quietly bore the innovation, and the "tempest in a tea-pot" subsided in a calm.

ALARMING THREAT.—South Carolina is uttering her cry of dissolution of the Union, again. These threats from the slaveholding states, are really ludicrous. How long does South Carolina think that she and her sister slave states would be able to hold their slaves, if the North were severed from them? Would she like to try the experiment? From a series of resolutions before the Legislature, we extract the following:

*Resolved*, That the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina have seen, with profound regret, the settled spirit of hostility manifested by the free States toward the institutions of the South; a spirit which, if persisted in, must inevitably lead to the most disastrous consequences to the Confederacy.

*Resolved*, That the recent developments in the free States, and especially the attempt known as the "Wilcox Provision," to prohibit the Southern States from enjoying the common territory of the Union, raise an issue of startling importance, which requires on the part of the South, firm, energetic and united action.

*Resolved*, That the State of South Carolina will regard the passage of any act by the General Government upon the subject of Slavery, in violation of the rights of the South, as nullifying the obligations of the Federal Compact; and upon the passage of such act; she will consider herself at liberty to form a new, separate, and distinct Government.

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

##### Truly Magnanimous!

DEAR FRIENDS:—

In view of the following from the President's message, the magnanimity of the United States towards Mexico appears most conspicuously. Among other reasons which he enumerates as reasons why he thought Mexico would be willing to cede New Mexico to the United States, is the following:

"Numerous bands of fierce and warlike savages wander over it and upon its borders. Mexico has been, and must continue to be, too feeble to restrain them from committing depredations, robberies and murders, not only upon the inhabitants of New Mexico itself, but upon those of the other Northern States of Mexico. It would be a blessing to all these northern states to have their citizens protected against them by the power of the United States. At this moment many Mexicans, principally women and children, are in captivity among them. If New Mexico were held and governed by the United States, we could effectually prevent these tribes from committing such outrages, and compel them to release these captives and restore them to their families and friends."

Admitting that, in case of a contest, either personal or in a national point of view, any slave, who shall accrue to the victorious party, I suppose it would be conceded that the vanquished party must have been fully equal in strength and prowess to the victor. In view of this, look at the above extract. Here are tribes of savages committing depredations in certain States of Mexico for the reason that "Mexico has been, and still is, too feeble to restrain them;" but such is the strength of our arms that those savage tribes against which Mexico is too feeble to offer effectual resistance, would be immediately repulsed and their captives returned to their families and friends. If then those savage tribes are thus weak compared to us, what is the comparative strength of Mexico according to the President's own showing?

And yet after overrunning such an opponent as from the above Mexico is conceded to be, the president has the hardihood to dominate it a "very liberal offer of the United States" to propose to take "two thousand miles of territory," according to Senator Benton, east of the Rio Grande—the State of New Mexico and the California, in retribution for the death and devastation we had scattered amongst them! But who cannot see that conquest was at the bottom of this hell-fathered piece of butchery? See the president's reference to the ultimate probability

that some "sagacious European nation" might secure, either by purchase or conquest, this territory after which he so much lusts. That is to say, here is a piece of property in an exposed condition, so much so that the presumption is that some light-fingered gentleman will avail himself of it, and, inasmuch as it is to be stolen, I may as well have it as any body!!

He is determined that "no foreign Power shall be permitted to establish a colony in NORTH AMERICA," (large talk) and hence, "in maintaining this principle, and resisting its invasion by any foreign power, we might be involved in other wars more expensive and more difficult than that in which we are at present engaged;" i. e. as a matter of economy we had better take from Mexico, and so get a little "glory" in the bargain, considering that "Mexico is a weak and discredited Nation" than try to wrest it from any "sagacious European nation" that might acquire it; and especially as in the last case supposed the chances for the acquisition of "glory" would be greatly reduced.

This is the English of it. And what expresses every lover of right, is the fact that there is not virtue enough in the land to say No to this wholesale system of theft and murder. The religion of the Nation is a religion of bomb-shells and bayonets! They have the Patton Pew on an extensive plan in their churches here, the base-meat story (*base-meat* correct—no misnomer) is used by the colored people. I had the hardihood to attend one of these meetings of the Black (?) Methodists, while the white Methodists met above our heads in solemn concourse. By the way, I doubt much whether the Apostle James is read by these whites; if read he is disobeyed. The clock has struck 11, and thus I close.

Yours for the right,

E. F. CURTIS.

Parkman, Dec. 26, 1847.

P. S. "I wash my hands of all attempts to dismember the Mexican Republic by seizing her dominions in New Mexico, Chihuahua, Coahuila and Tamaulipas. The treaty, in all that relates to the boundary of the Rio Grande, is an act of unparalleled outrage on Mexico. It is the seizure of two thousand miles of her territory without a word of explanation with her, and by virtue of a treaty with Texas to which she is no party. It (the treaty) would cut off the Capital and forty towns and villages of New Mexico now and always as fully under the dominion of Mexico as Quebec and all the towns of Canada are under the dominion of Great Britain."—*Senator Benton.*

"I felt it my duty to vote against the ratification of the treaty of annexation. I believed that the treaty from the boundaries that must be implied from it, embraces a country to which Texas had no claim, over which she had never asserted jurisdiction, and which she had no right to code."—*Silas Wright.*

"Corpus Christi is said to be as healthy as Pensacola, a convenient place for supplies and the most western point now occupied by Texas."—*Letter of Mr. Donelson, Charge d'Affaires to Texas, June 30, 1845.*

"Texas, by a mere law, could acquire no title but what she conquered from Mexico, and actually governed. Hence, though her law includes more than ancient Texas, she could hold and convey only that, or, at the utmost, only that which she exercised clear jurisdiction over."—*Senator Woodbury.*

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"What! shall we guard our neighbor still, While woman shucks beneath his rod, And while he tramples down at will! The Image of a common God! Shall watch and ward be round him set! Of Northern Nerve and bayonet!"

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

In view of the following from the President's message, the magnanimity of the United States towards Mexico appears most conspicuously. Among other reasons which he enumerates as reasons why he thought Mexico would be willing to cede New Mexico to the United States, is the following:

"Numerous bands of fierce and warlike savages wander over it and upon its borders. Mexico has been, and must continue to be, too feeble to restrain them by the power of the United States. At this moment many Mexicans, principally women and children, are in captivity among them. If New Mexico were held and governed by the United States, we could effectually prevent these tribes from committing such outrages, and compel them to release these captives and restore them to their families and friends."

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that some of the infant man; she who has ever been foremost in every good work, from the days of good old Sarah down to Mary at the sepulchre, and with them a host of others which have blessed the world from time to time.—See her brutally exposed after being knocked down, and then, if you can, see that friend apply the lash to her naked back until the blood flows freely down. You will then, I doubt not, say with me, that you will never make peace with American Slavery. Truly,

it is the SUM of all villainies!"

Slaveholding is honorable in Church as in State. I attended at a church this week which stands directly opposite one of the principle Slave Markets in the place, with this inscription: "NEGROES FOR SALE;" a little further along was the following:—"Lard Oil for sale," with the picture of a hog!! as in the first instance was the likeness of one man and two women!! They have the Patton Pew on an extensive plan in their churches here, the base-meat story (*base-meat* correct—no misnomer) is used by the colored people. I had the hardihood to attend one of these meetings of the Black (?) Methodists, while the white Methodists met above our heads in solemn concourse. By the way, I doubt much whether the Apostle James is read by these whites; if read he is disobeyed. The clock has struck 11, and thus I close.

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ADIEU. \*

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Resolved, That we fully endorse the sentiment uttered by James G. Birney, that the American Church and clergy are the bulwarks of American Slavery.

Yours for humanity,

Rootstown, Jan. 10, 1848. A. C.

SALEM, JANUARY 21, 1848.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

0 PERSONS having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

Friends of the slave, fill up the list! Volunteers are needed! The exigencies of the cause demand them, and they must be had. The Executive Committee need your immediate aid—will you give it? Fifty subscribers to the following plan are indispensable—there ought to be a hundred, and would be, if all who profess to love the slave would do according to their ability. Send in



## POETRY.

*From the National Era.  
The Artisan.*

BY W. P. O'GALLAGHER.

The day is past;—the quiet night  
Toward its midnoon wearied on;  
His work shop has been closed for hours—  
A good day's labor done.  
The toil is hard that brings him bread;  
And sometimes he hath scant supply;  
When drops awhile his manly head,  
And glistens full eye.

Yet from the trial shrinks he not;  
For he has youth and strength and will;  
And though his toil is ill repaid,  
Bends daily to it still.

He sometimes mutters,—but his pride  
Checks each expression at its birth.—  
That blessings to his class denied  
Surround the drosses of earth.

He passes, morn, and noon, and night,  
The homes of luxury and wealth;  
And glances at their gilded ease  
His eyes will take by stealth.

And shadows gather on his face.  
At times—but instantly depart—  
He feels such weakness, a disgrace  
Both to his head and heart.

His calling sometimes takes him where  
Wealth, worth, grace, beauty, all unite;

And lovely tones arrest his ear,

And lovely looks his sight;—  
And much he thinks—and half he sighs—

Yet ere his welcome work is done,  
He longs for home, and Mary's eyes,  
And for his prattling sen.

His labor bath been light today;

And wife and child before he sleep;

And he has pass'd the half-spent night

In study close and deep.

The lamp burns dim—the fire is low—

The book is closed—wherein he read;

But idly swell the streams of thought

In fountain-pages fed.

With eyes fixed calmly on the floor,

But varying and expressive face,

He cons the lesson o'er and o'er—

The history of his race.

And much he finds of word and deed,

Whose virtue is example now;

But more than makes his bosom bleed,

And darkens o'er his brow;—

The thirst for wealth—the strife for power—

The ceaseless struggle for renown—

The daring that hath seized the realm,

Or caught a wavering crown;

The manhood that hath tamely bent

And fall'n beneath tyrannic sway—

The balk'd resistance, that hath bent

In darkness to the day;—

But chiefly this it is that fills

The swelling volume of his mind:

The countless wrongs and cruelties

That have oppress'd his kind.

And viewing them, upon his brain

His own hard struggles darkly throng;

And as he feels their weight again,

He also dreams of wrong;

Wrong to himself, and wrong to all!

Who hear the boughs he hath borne;

"A yoke!" up starting he exclaims,

"And oh, how meekly worn!"

But as he reads Life's riddle still,

He feels, with sudden change of mood,

The stern, the indomitable will;

That never was subdued.

The will, not to destroy, but build!

Not the blind Might, of old renown,

Which took the pillars in its grasp,

And shook the temple down—

But that whose patient energy

Works ever upward, without rest,

Until the pierced and parted sea

Rolls from its coral breast.

In the dim light, for a while,

His tall form moveth to and fro;

Then by the couch of those he loves,

He stops, and bendeth low.

Oh, holy love! oh, blessed kiss!

Ye ask not spender—hide not pow'r—

But in a humble home like this,

Ye have your triumph hour!

He sleeps—but even on his dreams

Oblivious the purpose of his soul:

He wanders where the living streams

Of Knowledge brightly roll;

And where men win their own good ways,

Nor yield to doubt, or dark despair,

In dreams his bounding spirit strays—

In dreams he triumphs there.

With stronger arm, with mightier heart,

Than he hath felt or known before,

When comes the morrow's hour of toll,

Hail! leave his humble door.

No wavering hence, he know—no rest—

Until the new-born goal be won:

But firm and calm, and self-possessed,

Bear resolutely on.

And this it is, that year by year,

Through which nor faith nor hope grows

loss,

Pursued, shall crown his high career.

With honor and success.

This—it is that marks the man!

Dare thou, then, neath whose studious eyes

This lesson lies, rouse up at once,

And to thyself rely!

Give to thy free soul freest thoughts;

And whatsoe'er it prompts thee do,

That manly, year in year out,

With all thy might pursue;

What though thy name may not be heard

Afar, or shouted through the town,

Thou'lt win a higher need of praise,

A worshiper renoun.

Press on, then!—Earth has need of thee!

The mortal at the forge is red;

The axe is rusting by the tree;

The going hangs heavy, in the heads;

Heed not who works not—labor thou!

Lay bravely hold, nor pause, nor shrink!

Lie's Rubicon is here—stand

Not dubious on the brink!

The seeds of mind are sown—

In every human breast;

But dormant lie, unless we own

The spirit's high best!

Lock inwardly and learn,

Turn inwardly and think;

And Truth and Love shall brighter burn

O'er Error's wasting brink.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*From the Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor.*

### TWO DREAMS.

BY JANE G. SWISSELM.

And so Lizzie, you never read Fanny Forrester's "Dream!"—Well really, you ought to be ashamed to tell that! I thought every body had read every thing ever Fanny wrote; and it is a shame if they did not. What is the use of being gentle and playful, ladylike and sweet, and writing that way, if every body does not read. You know Fanny was the sweetest writer we have ever had, and the most popular; but I should have liked her better if she had never written that "Dream." I am sure every body read it, and as you did not you are nobody Lizzie, but I must tell you what it was;

You see one day Fanny sat down by the fire to read an article on "woman's rights," and as Fanny had never been made to feel woman's wrongs, she thought it very dry; and fell asleep.

Then she dreamed she saw "cousin Bel," trudging to the house in the midst of a furious snow storm—her face and neck red and swollen with the cold—her hood blown back off her head—her veil carelessly in the air, and her cloak flapping around her like the wings of some great bird." Poor Bel was in a sad plight struggling through the deep snow, against the wind, until she sunk down quite exhausted, and "big Sam Jones" who could have stuck Bel under his arm as easily as a kitten," came along and just said "rough walking, Miss," but did not try to help her up.

When Bel got to the house, and found breath it turned out that she had just come to tell Fanny the critics had been dissecting her, because a glorious reform had come and women had got their rights. And as a matter of course there was to be no more weakness—no more delicacy—no more dependence. After some time Bel persuaded Fanny to try her new liberty, and start on a North River steamer without an escort—Here Fanny had a terrible time. One man tried to get her dress and did not apologize prettily, because men and women were on terms of equality no one handed her to the table, and gentlemen stared at her. When they landed the cabin jostled her, and some of them fought to see who would get her trunk. In fact the people on the North River behaved to poor Fanny like a regular set of savages, and not at all as men behave now towards women on board.

Then Fanny got into a crowded courthouse where a woman—the word lady had got out of date—was pleading law in an Indian manner, while one lady judge was busy questioning with a gentleman judge—the jury equally divided, men and women, were similarly engaged; and no one paying any attention to the poor pleader, who screamed away until she fainted, and was carried out. As she was born out who should it be but cousin Bel.

Dreams are always contrary, and Fanny's was no exception. They carried Bel out when she fainted; but poor Fanny herself had to stand all this time. No one would give her a seat because gallantry was all gone, and nothing but selfishness and equality left. So when Fanny was falling in a faint she caught something which proved to be a big fellow's head, and he turned round with clenched fist to knock her down; but nobody gave her any assistance and I could not see what kept her from finishing her swoon unless it was Mrs. C's reason for not fainting on the bridge "because there was no clean place to lie down."

It appeared a little odd too after men had forgotten all gallantry, and women all dependence, that one of each could not sit on the Judge's bench without getting up a disturbance. He came up in the same boat with her, and John said he saw him speak to her on the wharf, and offer his arm." Then he followed her up," chimed Mrs. Brown. "I wonder if the Parkers are well acquainted with her!"

Miss Prim thought it "strange she came alone. To be sure, they said, she had good letters of introduction, but she could never have thought—besides Sally Peck had told her—that she would not have mentioned it for the world—that her father died a dreadful drunkard; and though she used to hold her head pretty high, she was poor enough now. She never said anything against any body, but Miss Forrester did not look like a fit person to take charge of their young ladies, she was too baby-faced." Miss F.'s face somewhat resembled a smoked hen.

So I dreamt that Fanny did not get the school, nor guess the reason of the cold looks that greeted her, but returned home bitterly disappointed—followed by her tormentors—not in the least annoyed by officious cabinmen and porters. Who ever saw them seeking to serve a woman without an escort. And some way sweet Fanny's reputation became stained, unknown to herself, by the machination of the villain who hoped to reduce her to distress to make her his victim. You know women have decided that female reputation is so sensitive a plant that a hyssop, even of the foulest may blast it forever, and leave her to wither in contempt. While men may steep themselves to the lips in pollution and be nothing the worse.

And I saw in my dream that Fanny came expert with the needle, and for work which a man would receive a dollar per day, Fanny got twenty-five cents; for the right of remuneration for her labor was no part of "woman's rights" under that regime. And when she saved a dollar to buy a dress the law compelled her to give twenty-five cents of it towards supporting men who had eight dollars per day for talking. But as they were eagles, able to bathe the storm, why should not the swan assist to gather their food?

Gradually my dream grew darker. There were rickety stairs—a chilly room, with broken panes, and little fire-bungy children and a sick mother—work was finished, and necessities wanted—the snow-drifts thickened, and the wind howled. Yet Fanny ventured forth, with a pale cheek and feeble step. Then she had no cloak like Cousin Bel, "so flap around her like the wings of some great bird," neither did she let her veil go "carolling high in air;" nor her loosened hair go streaming around her in all directions." But, fastening all her dress so

to present the least surface to the blast, as most persons do, she ventured forth in the storm with a threadbare shawl, which the wind passed through so easily that it did not find it necessary to flap it round. While I watched poor Fanny in the snow-drifts, and buffeting the storm unheeded by strong men who passed and repassed, I forgot the fireside was a "woman's sphere," and rushed out to help her; but the fierce wind waked me, and behold it was "A Dream!"

Again I had another dream and Fanny was returning to her native land after long years of absence—a widow with her children, bereft of friends and fortune. In a strange land she had heard of some strange changes wrought at home; of this reform which had indeed so, was far on its advance. When she came on a North River boat, without an escort, no one stared, or seemed to notice her. She had custom, and was less of obsequious gallantry, there was sufficient calm respect to allow her to feel at ease. The ladies' cabin looked much the same as in days of old, except that the dresses were all plainer and more comfortable, less of fashions, and less *fol-de-rols*. Gentleman looked less lippish, and there was less flirtation, though all mingled more freely. No lady troubled to cross the ocean cabin in search of a stray child or absent friend. All looked more comfortable. Soon she quite felt easy, as it became apparent that she was not regarded as nobody because deprived of her protector. The fashion which required a woman to present her escort as a testimonial of respectability, had gone out. When the bell rung for dinner and she saw some ladies on their husbands' arms, the ladies came gushing up and then she felt alone, but a quiet old matron stepped up and offered her arm. The law of kindness had come in with the reform.

Afterwards she learned that her old protector was a practicing physician, who had taken up her husband's business at his death, and so was saved the former miseries of a widow lot. So I saw in my dream that when Fanny came to her old home strange faces met her in place of those who were familiar; and there was a great change; but cousin Bel was then a widow like herself—and who would think it—a counsellor at law. "How could it be, dear Bella, that you can be so changed? Why you look over those old musty papers as seriously as though you understood them every word! How we should have laughed at this in our romantic days! Tell me of the odd changes everywhere. I tell me of a sign, Mrs. Jones & Co., at a commission house. In one large wholesale house a lady was looking over the books, while a younger one was clerk. Bel, down me all just act like men! I provoked, and yet not look so frigida as I thought it would have done."

Fanny mine, it came so gradually we scarcely perceived it. The first woman who held any office in a court of justice was, I think, Mrs. Trimble, appointed by a judge in Kentucky, as Clerk of a Court, in eighteen hundred and forty-six, in room of her husband deceased. It was so evidently right to give women with families to raise, a wider range of employment and not confining them to a few that were already overcrowded, that this example, though upon itself the good feeling of all. And it was found that female witnesses, when forced to stand in a court of justice, did not more think of passing obscene jests in a court of justice, than in a drawing room. But, as I said, these changes all came gradually. The injustice of forcing women into courts